

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

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INT. BUS TOP DECK. EARLY EVENING, VALENTINE'S DAY.

CLINT, 13, is dressed to impress: more geek than chic. He fidgets in anxious excitement. He makes sure no one's looking, puts his hand to his mouth and checks his breath.

INT. CLINT'S BEDROOM. EARLIER THAT DAY.

Clint gazes lovingly at his hand. Then goes in for the kiss. It's gentle, romantic. No tongues, but lots of lip.

EXT. CINEMA. EVENING.

Clint waits outside. There she is. A bit taller than him, it's SALLY, 13, braces, prim. He half bows, then awkwardly shakes her hand.

Clint brandishes two TICKETS. She pulls two more TICKETS out of her purse. They shrug and laugh.

As they walk inside, Clint checks his reflection in the glass.

INT. BATHROOM. EARLIER THAT DAY.

Clint stares at his reflection in the mirror, then goes in for a snog. Lots of tongue. But his nose is in the way. Open wide... then his teeth bang on the glass with a <clunk>.

INT. CINEMA. EVENING.

A scary film reflects on Clint and Sally's face. He looks over at her. She's staring straight ahead. She looks over at him, he's staring straight ahead.

The film suddenly gets very scary. Clint closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM. EARLIER THAT DAY.

Clint, with eyes closed, is snogging a PUMPKIN like he's trying to suck out its innards.

From the pumpkin's POV Clint is looking like a crazy man.

Clint pulls away, coughing on pumpkin SEEDS. He reveals the hilarious 'surprised' face carved into the pumpkin.

EXT. STREET. EVENING.

Clint and Sally walk down the street. Their hands move in closer. Now they touch. Now they're holding hands.

They reach a deserted BUS STOP and sit down next to each other. Close.

Clint turns to face Sally, but is too scared to look her in the eye.

INT. BEDROOM. EARLIER THAT DAY.

Clint sits on the edge of his bed. A helium BALLOON next to him, dressed up to look like Sally's face, with bits of string for hair and lipstick.

He tries a kiss but the balloon floats away. He holds it steady with one hand and kisses hard. The balloon <pops> in his face.

EXT. BUS STOP. EVENING.

The bus approaches. Sally stands up and walks with a touch of reluctance towards the kerb.

The bus arrives.

She turns back round. Their eyes meet. She steps towards the bus.

CLINT
(tiny voice)
Wait.

She hangs back. They stand face to face.

Images of all the practice kisses flashback in Clint's mind: hand; mirror, pumpkin, balloon.

Clint takes a deep breath, leans in and plants the softest, most delicate kiss on her cheek. She smiles, happy, and climbs on the bus.

The bus drives away.

Clint thinks about it for a second. A smile twinkles in his eyes, travels to his lips. Now he's beaming.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Yeeaaaaahhhh!!!

He leaps into the air.

THE END.